



THE DONKEYS' HOLIDAY.

With Compliments to the S. P. C. A.

MOOR MADGE.

DEAREST MAUDE,—MILLICENT and I were joined yesterday by my cousin CHARLIE and his great friend ALGERNON DE VERE Boggs, in our journey North. DE VERE and CHARLIE are shooting together this year—not confining themselves to grouse and black game, as they think it so narrowing, but also looking out for sparrows, rabbits, and, in fact, anything that comes within sound of the crack of their rifles. As they are both Volunteers, they wisely thought that it would be true economy to use the Government ammunition and their Lee-Metfords, instead of

procuring the ordinary breech-loading shot gun, which, *entre nous*, has become rather common now. Everybody who shoots uses them, and DE VERE and CHARLIE wished to strike out a new line for themselves.

We—MILLICENT and I—met the men at King's Cross, and travelled third—on this line there is no fourth—and I must say that CHARLIE's costume could hardly be described as quiet. In fact, it was rather daring. He wore a green plaid kilt, cut short, and embroidered with his monogram back and front, in red letters; khaki putties and sand shoes, with white spats

over them, made rather a neat finish by way of *chaussure*. The coat was a long-tailed garment of neat black superfine broadcloth, whilst the one-and-sixpenny yachting cap which he wore at Cowes again did duty here. DE VERE BOGGS was attired somewhat more quietly, but still in a way which denoted the sportsman quite as plainly as CHARLIE's costume did.

Poor CHARLIE, whose losses at Goodwood had brought him into the hands of the Jews (he had to borrow fourteen and ninepence from Mr. MOSES MOSS, in order to settle with), travelled very unostentatiously under the seat. MILLICENT wore a picture hat, with sham ostrich feather drooping over the face, pink cotton bolero jacket, green cummerbund, and skirt of *eau de Nil*. As for myself, I always travel plainly, as you know. A sealskin jacket, white linen skirt, Tam-o'-Shanter of Gordon tartan, with mounted grouse claws pinned all down the back of the sleeves, completed my own costume.

Arrived at Macsquashie, we took rooms at the hotel, and they gave us a really excellent dinner at eighteenpence. Here is the menu:—

*Tattie peelin's Broth.
Cold Carrots.
Haggis. Cookies.
Porridge.*

We thoroughly enjoyed it, and of course drank the wine of the country—whiskey. Next day we all went out on the moors. It is not really so expensive a sport, this grouse shooting, as you would think, dearest MAUDE. By getting up early, you avoid the notice of the gamekeepers—gillies, as they call them—and get your sport for next to nothing. CHARLIE and DE VERE BOGGS obtained several fine shots—though they hit nothing but a tourist—and we were not turned off until after we had had our luncheon in great comfort. A great number of the smartest people are here, all shooting, of course. But of one thing I am quite assured, and that is, that none of them get their sport more cheaply than CHARLIE and DE VERE BOGGS.

In company with the rest of the *monde qui s'amuse*, we shall be moving on to fresh fields and pastures new very shortly. Then, dearest MAUDE, you shall hear again from yours ever, MADGE.

At the Westminster Bridge Terminus of the Tram Lines.

Country Cousin (excitedly). Good Heavens! Constable, look at those people fighting on those cars! I'm sure someone will be killed. Is there an election on, or a Pro-Boer meeting?

Constable (with a contemptuous smile). Oh no, Sir; it's only the passengers takin' their places accordin' to the rules and regerlations of the London County Council.



"WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING WITH YOUR NICE NEW SUIT?"
 "I'VE BEEN PLAYING IN THE GARDEN—PRETENDING I WAS A
 LITTLE BOY IN MISCHIEF."
 "WELL, I'M VERY ANGRY WITH YOU. YOU NEVER SEE HERBERT
 DO THINGS LIKE THAT."
 "NO. HE HASN'T THE 'MAGINATION I HAVE!"

PEEPS INTO PRUSSIAN PALACES AT POPULAR PRICES.

IN and near Berlin the lover of palaces can indulge in an orgie of sight-seeing. The charge for admission in every case is the modest sum of threepence. It is not announced who receives that amount. From the palaces in Berlin and Potsdam the annual receipts must be considerable. As for the palace of the Emperor WILLIAM I., the charge is double. And anyone who is rash enough to go inside that remarkably ugly edifice, furnished and decorated in the style of the sixties, and dazzling with crimson and gold, with sky-blue and emerald-green, would gladly give another sixpence, as I did, to get out again as soon as possible.

Curiously enough, in this one palace the guide, who was a woman, moved as slowly as she could. She explained everything with needless care. She evidently doated on malachite and ormolu, on rosewood and blue velvet. The Germans following her exclaimed "Wunderschön!" rapturously; the Americans gazed with the drowsy indifference that follows some weeks of sleepless railway travel and sight-seeing. After we had visited several rooms, she led us into a vast apartment, ranged us in a row, as if for drill, and clapped her hands. There was an echo in the domed ceiling. The Germans, always childlike in being easily amused, were in ecstasies. The Americans became interested, for it almost woke them up. She clapped her hands a second time. Before they could meet again, I slipped a 50-pfennig piece between them and fled.

In Potsdam and the neighbourhood the active enthusiast can see half-a-dozen palaces in a day, all at threepence each. There is no reduction on taking a quantity. I drew the line at three

palaces. Ninepence a day is as much as I care to spend on such excitement.

The gardens at Sans Souci, just outside Potsdam, are delightful. Six long flights of steps lead up the terraces to the palace. The enthusiast, at half-a-dozen palaces a day, must run up them. The middleman, like myself, at three palaces, can stroll gently up and watch the elderly female gardeners weeding the borders. There are also male gardeners, but one can see them elsewhere. One has some time to loiter in the gardens, since one has to run in the palaces. No sooner has the imperial servant assembled the party than he starts at a brisk walk, repeating his descriptions as fast as he can. Sometimes I tried the simple device of asking a question; but this only made him hurry more afterwards, to make up for lost time.

I believe it is all owing to that charge for admission. When one—especially if one is a frugal German—has paid threepence to His Majesty WILLIAM I., German Emperor and King of Prussia, one seems to have done enough. Moreover, the very superior man in uniform who shows one round looks above a tip. One could not offer threepence to him. At Sans Souci I never thought of it. At the New Palace the imperial servant seemed less unbending. As the party approached the exit, I held a 50-pfennig piece in my hand. The rapidity with which it passed into his showed me that, in spite of his uniform, he was a mere man like myself.

In the Stadt Schloss, at Potsdam, my last palace for that day, I was the only visitor. I had already seen two palaces, which would be about my usual average for a whole year. I was becoming satiated with palaces. Moreover, the afternoon was warm. I longed to loiter. But the guide, in this case a woman, would have none of it. She evidently wanted to run, though she was by no means young, and all my lingering only reduced her speed to about five miles an hour. Thus she led me, breathless, through the rooms, containing, I believe, the books—always French books—the dining-table descending through the floor, and other possessions of FREDERICK THE GREAT, and also through a bed-room sometimes occupied by the present Emperor, and sent me forth so rapidly into the outer world that I had to hold on to the doorpost while I gave her sixpence.

In the Kaiser's bed-room I had just time to notice on the Imperial and Royal washstand the two basins and jugs, such as North German hotels, and, I suppose, private houses, provide for one person. One of the basins is very small, the other is monstrously large. As for the Emperor's larger basin, it was nearly the size of an English sponge-bath. In vain I have endeavoured to discover the use of the two basins; provided on the principle of the large hole in the door for the cat and the small hole for the kitten, can it be that the small basin is for washing one hand and the large basin for washing two?

In the entrance hall of the New Palace, I saw the carriage umbrella, which evidently shelters the Imperial head when descending the steps on a rainy day. I do not mean that the Kaiser descends the steps on his head. The sentence is a trifle mixed, but so would you be after visiting three palaces at once. The umbrella was one that had seen its best days, and they must have been uncommonly bad days. It was old and shabby and faded, a pathetic sight in the midst of marble splendour. As I looked at it, a German lady exclaimed "*Der kaiserliche Regenschirm!*" and smiled. Others smiled. I trembled lest the whole party should be forthwith cast into the deepest dungeons of the Palace. Happily the guide, during the moment's delay, had sped on at four miles an hour and had heard nothing. So I smiled as well, a quiet, discreet smile, and I can now boast that I was once guilty of *Majestätsbeleidigung* in Prussia, and escaped unpunished.

H. D. B.

CHICKEN HAZARD.—It is officially reported that Italian eggs are now being largely exported to England. We earnestly trust that these will not include the lays of ancient Rome.



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

BIG GAME HUNTING.—III.

LION HUNTING. BE QUITE SURE WHEN YOU GO LOOKING FOR A LION, THAT YOU REALLY WANT TO FIND ONE.

TO MY COLLAR STUD.

No pæan majestic my brain can inspire,
No harmonies subtle I strike on my lyre;
A commonplace subject is this that I touch,
But one that concerns me and worries me much.
Perhaps it may seem rather foolish to sing,
About such a very diminutive thing;
Perhaps I am dragging my Muse through the mud,
In mentioning you, little ivory stud.

I'm one of those rather unfortunate men
Who have to be up in the City by ten,
But many and oft are the mornings when I've
Slept peacefully on until eight forty-five.
A train I must catch at a quarter-past nine,
And I've an objection to running it fine;
With dressing and breakfast there's plenty to do,
It's really too much to be hindered by you.

But that's the occasion on which you will fix
To show off your most diabolical tricks;
Directly you see me approaching your lair,
For violent action at once you prepare.
Your cosy retreat I begin to explore,
And seizing your chance you slip down on the floor,
Then over the carpet you silently roll
To some inaccessible corner or hole.

Oh, evil the passions that you can create,
For I am reduced to a terrible state;

I'm rather short-sighted, and loudly I curse
(My sight may be bad, but my language is worse).
I can't do without you, as doubtless you know,
But vainly I search for your shape, high and low;
Your fiendish skill all my agility mocks,
And wildly I dash round the room in my socks.

I shake out my garments, I grovel and grope,
It's close upon nine and I give up all hope;
But just as the clock points to five minutes past,
In one of my boots you're discovered at last.
I finish my toilet, five minutes remain,
My breakfast I bolt on the way to the train;
Then pangs of acute indigestion ensue—
Another misfortune that's owing to you.

And during the day my acquaintances find
That I'm not at all in a nice frame of mind;
Of course they will get upon quite the wrong track
In putting it down to a liver attack.
Though kindly disposed before leaving my bed,
I'm grumpy and most discontented instead;
My good resolutions are nipped in the bud,
And you are the cause, you diminutive stud!

P. G.

DEFINITION (by a very Low Churchman).—"Επισκοπος," a Bishop, or, literally, "over-seer"; i.e. one who "over-looks." So called from their generally overlooking everything they do not wish to see.



Full-sized Tripper. "HOW DOES ONE GET INTO THE CHURCHYARD, PLEASE?"
Simple Little Native. "THROUGH THIS 'ERE 'OLE!"

THE PUBLISHER TO HIS FAITHLESS LOVE.

["The absorbing interest taken in the war has been deadly in its effects on the publishing trade. And now it is feared that a General Election will rob them of their autumn season. Christmas, however, should bring relief—to the survivors.]

O SOPHONISBA, fickle fair!

Who found me once the glass of fashion,
 And leave me now with heartless air
 A bleeding prey to blighted passion,
 Have you no thought for him who lies so low,
 Your pensive swain from Paternoster Row?

Time was when I could stir your breast
 With theological romances,
 Bid you enjoy a homely jest,
 Or melt you with suburban fancies,
 Or, like a river, going slow and deep,
 Contrive to woo your weary brain to sleep.

Time was when tales of Scotland Yard
 Produced in you a constant flutter;
 When I have gained your kind regard
 With problems gathered from the gutter!
 Now all my ancient skill I vainly spend
 Both on policemen and the Far East End.

I gave you Lives of Men of Weight,
 Thoughts and achievements worth the telling;
 Letters describing what they ate,
 And how the baby's gums were swelling;
 Now these momentous themes begin to pall
 That once could hold your heaving heart in thrall.

I know the cause:—compare the song
 Of what occurred by Allan Water,
 And how the soldier came along
 Ogling the miller's lovely daughter.

Yours was in khaki; hers, no doubt, in red;
 Alike you lost your absent-minded head.

Her books were in the running brook:
 And yet the parallel is partial;
 We do not hear that she forsook
 The Literary for the Martial.
 She never had, as far as rumours go,
 A previous flame in Paternoster Row!

Eventually "there a corse
 Lay she" (if I remember rightly);
 But you live on without remorse,
 Your conduct being most unsightly;
 Still, if I know you well, you cannot care
 For khaki always as your only wear.

I know that some fine autumn day
 (Just when, I cannot yet discover)
 You'll cease to sing of Table Bay,
 And think about a change of lover;
 And, though for khaki still you faintly burn,
 Soon shall the peaceful toga have its turn.

Under the hustings' tented shade
 You will erect your brazen idol;
 The poster-monger ("dreadful trade!")
 Shall advertise this latest bridal,
 And portions of your honied moon be spent
 Confusing Paradise with Parliament.

On nightly platforms you shall sit
 Supporting unennobled brewers,
 And shafts of pure provincial wit
 Shall pierce your heart like wooden skewers;
 Immersed in revels round the greasy pole,
 You will omit to educate your soul.

And then, perhaps, by Christmas Day
 (Alas! alas! for lost October!)
 You will be tired of wanton play,
 And range yourself, demure and sober;
 And, turning to your love of long ago,
 Find him defunct in Paternoster Row!

O. S.

SILLY-SEASON PROSPECTS.

THERE is grave reason to fear that this year's Silly Season will be a failure. For some reason or other, whether on account of the approaching Dissolution, or the vagaries of DE WET and TSE HSI, the public mind is preoccupied and refuses to sink to the occasion. The Big Gooseberry has been nipped in the bud, and the Marine Ophidian is under a cloud, or, at any rate, not in its usual element. We have had, it is true, a Nine-Days' Wonder at West Kensington, in the shape of the Edith Villas Ghost. It was a public-spirited attempt on the part of the spook, or the local humourist, or the neighbouring licensed victualler to make things hum in the Far West, but the scare died down under the cold logic of brickbat showers and unsympathetic policemen. And the enterprise of the spectre's landlord in charging gate-money (on behalf of a charity), for the privilege of seeing a vacuum, only succeeded in giving the apparition its *quietus*. When it came to being run as a dime-show, the wraith would wraith be excused—and so would the Kensingtonian quidnuncs.

Similarly, the great annual Symposium of Correspondence on Burning Domestic Questions seems, at the time of writing, to hang fire. So far, we have only had, coincidentally in two morning halfpenny papers, a few letters from Irate Husbands and Mothers of Seven on the subject of Wives' Holidays.

Meanwhile the Silly Season languishes. We have more serious matters in hand.



BOWLING THEM OVER.

["In consequence of Lord WOLSELEY's comments on the recent Aldershot Review, several field-officers have been ordered to report themselves for examination as to their fitness to command."—*Daily Paper*.]

Henry James.



ILLUSTRATED BY
J. L. G. 18.

"SEEING IS BELIEVING."

Nervous Old Gent (buying a Horse for business purposes). "BUT ARE YOU SURE THE ANIMAL IS ONLY FIVE YEARS OLD?"
Indignant Dealer. "DON'T YOU TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, GUV'NOR. OPEN 'IS MOUTH AND LOOK FOR YOURSELF!"

"WHISKER" A WARRIOR.

(By One who knew him.)

ONLY a London 'bus horse; that's what he was last year,
When he worked from Highgate Archway to the Strand,
A good 'un for his collar work, not difficult to steer,
And at pulling up quite suddenly was grand.
Some said he came from Suffolk and was one of GILBEY'S strain,
But I think he hailed from far across the sea—
A Canadian, by the colour of his "cayuse" tail and mane.
But they didn't give him no straight pedigree.

Only a London 'bus horse; but they picked him for the front
Without asking him if he would like to go.
When they want a slave who's willing of a fight to bear the
brunt,
They don't give him any chance to answer No.
So they packed off poor old "Whisker," with about a hundred
more,
In a transport that was bound for Table Bay,
And they say he wasn't sea-sick on his passage to the war,
But was ready for his breakfast day by day.

Only a London 'bus horse; but they put him to the guns,
And he dragged his load with gameness through the sand,
P'r'aps now and then he hoped they'd take some ounces off the
tons,
And wished that he was trotting down the Strand.
But he never shirked his duty, nor started at the noise,
The crackle and the rattle all around;
He did just as he was ordered, like the bravest of the boys,
And with them under fire stood his ground.

Only a London 'bus horse; but he did his level best
To save his gun from capture by the foe,

Though the lashing of the driver made him snort and raise his
crest,

Yet he didn't need the whip to make him go.
Only a London 'bus horse, by the Modder river slain,
A hero un-remembered in the strife,
Forgotten in the shouting of the loud triumphal strain,
Yet he gave his all for England with his life.

LABBY THE LYRIST.

[“DEAR MR. MONTAGU WHITE,—You will see the lines in *Truth*. I
have altered one or two words to make the grammar all right.”

Mr. Labouchere, M.P.]

IN a bucket there sat in *Truth*'s ever-clear well
A Sage full of theses and proems.
He groaned, “Why must I teach the pro-Boer to spell,
And the grammar correct of his poems?
His mistakes are so awful, his language is such
That his English to me reads like bad double-Dutch.
Though I'm cut to the quick, wily JOE mustn't know it,
Or he'll swear Black, not WHITE, is my favourite poet.”

THE DETHRONEMENT OF LONDON.—Quoth Dr. KRUGER-CLARK,
M.P., “The Jingo element is very strong in London—stronger
than it is in the other provincial towns.” What is the the new
capital of Great Britain according to K.-C.? Wick, perhaps,
where he has apparently been snuffed out.

THE RISE IN PRICES.—This fact is absolutely guaranteed on
the word of that Man of Honour, *Mr. Punch*. Owing to the war,
sweethearts at the front are dearer than ever throughout the
Queen's dominions.

THE BAGGAGE BOTHER.

(From a Passenger's Note-book.)

HAD to journey to-day from London to Starmouth. Slow cab, consequently late at station. Purchase ticket (after brief geographical lecture to booking-clerk, who disbelieves in possibility of reaching Starmouth *viâ* Barchester, and is loth to issue ticket for this route), rush on platform, and command porter to label my luggage—two portmanteaus, hat-box, bag of golf-clubs—and get it in the train at once. "Must be weighed first, Sir," replies porter. Weighing-machine at other end of station. Luggage wheeled very slowly in its direction. Train due to start in four minutes. Two portmanteaus and hat-box placed on machine and weighed with scrupulous care; follows a long pause, while official does elaborate sums on the back of an envelope. Finished at last. "Two and fourpence extra to pay, please." No silver; produce half-a-sovereign. Official has no change; sends a porter to fetch some.

Another pause, broken by a whistle from a distant part of the station, which I feel instinctively means that my train is about to start. Tell another porter to bring along my luggage at once; can't wait for change. Just about to do so, when official catches sight for first time of my golf-clubs. Demands sternly if they are mine. Have to admit it. In that case they should have been included with the other things. Portmanteaus and hat-box taken off truck, and, *plus* golf-clubs, weighed all over again. Another whistle: "Your train's gone, Sir," says porter with cheerful grin; "next one due in an hour." Daren't trust myself to speak. Official does more sums, hands me several forms to sign. Haven't any idea what they commit me to, but sign them all. Amended extra charge, two and tenpence. Porter arrives with change; tell him to look after my luggage till next train is in. Official suddenly remarks that he supposes I am going to Starmouth *via* Dixham. Reply, unguardedly, that I am going *via* Barchester. His eye lights up with fiendish joy. "Five miles shorter by that route," he observes; "we've made out your charge by the Dixham way. JIM, get that there luggage off—we must weigh it again." He does so; I am too weary to protest. Another interval for arithmetic, more forms to sign; result, charge three-and-a-penny. "But you said the Barchester route was five miles shorter," I exclaim; "and yet you charge me three-pence more!" Official smiles blandly, and refers me to the "Regulations."

At last the next train starts, and I in it. No further incident till we reach Rexham, where inspector appears and looks suspiciously at my hat-box and golf-clubs on the rack. Wants to know if they are



Enthusiastic Lady Blue Ribbonite (collecting material for her next Lecture—to Brewer's Drayman). "ER—I UNDERSTAND THERE ARE SOME MEN IN YOUR CALLING WHOSE SOLE LIQUID NOURISHMENT CONSISTS OF A QUART OF BEER A DAY. IS THAT CORRECT?"

Drayman. "I SUDDENT BE AT ALL SURPRISED, LADY. THEM TEETOTALLERS IS A-CREEPIN' INTO EVERY JOB NARADAYS!"

"personal luggage," and if they have been weighed. Means, I think, to insist on their being weighed again; but I snatch the niblick out of the bag, and he flies. Reach Barchester, where we change. My luggage at once seized and weighed. "Sevenpence more to pay, please." Why? Because train from Barchester is an express, for which there are extra luggage-rates.

Arrive at Starmouth at last; no sign of the two portmanteaus. Expostulate with station-master. He refers me to the form I signed in town, which explains that my luggage was taken "at reduced rates at passenger's risk." To have it conveyed at the "Company's risk" I should have paid about three times as much. Despatch telegrams and retire portmanteauless, blessing the modern luggage-system of our railways!

SANCTA SIMPLICITAS.

(A Recollection of the Departed Dog Days.)

No neat hyperbole be mine,
No metaphors for me,
No wrapping round in phrases fine
The truth for none to see.

A spade shall not be turned by verse
To other than 'twas made,
But there, for better or for worse,
Shall figure as a spade.

I will not say that Heaven's heart
To-day makes holiday,
And, gently pierced by Cupid's dart,
Expands beneath his sway.

No ligaments of speech I'll sprain,
I'll turn no which to what,
My meaning shall be clear and plain—
"It's adjectively hot."

THE VANISHING SAILOR MEN.

The lascars surrounded the strange-looking person. They were clean and neat, and quite sober. They had done their work on board and had come ashore.



"What are you staring at, you land-lubbers?" shouted the observed of all observers.

"At you," replied a lascar, politely raising his hat. "We have been all the world over and have never seen the like of you before."

"Shiver my timbers!" roared the observed. "But knock me down with a marling spike, but you are a strange lot. Why, only as I came along I heard a song a-praising me. And if you go into the theatres you will find the gallery a-roaring at me."

"Well, for all that," returned the lascars, "we don't know who or what you are."

"My eyes!" was the indignant response. "Likewise marling spikes and grappling irons! They don't deserve to have a shot in DAVY's locker!"

"But who are you?"

"Who am I?" repeated the observed. "Why, an old-fashioned British sailor."

"Thought you were something of that sort, and that's the reason why we have never met. We don't believe you exist!"

And the old-fashioned British sailor was convinced that he did not exist—except on paper.

FROM OUR VERY OWN.

(Quite exclusive, and very copyright.)

The war is practically at an end, unless it begins again somewhere. You will remember that on June 5 I made my formal entry into Pretoria. Lord ROBERTS, with a few other privileged persons, was allowed to take part in the procession.

Since then nothing of great importance has occurred. In fact, I have been busily engaged in writing answers to telegrams of congratulation on my success. Owing, no doubt, to some break-down of the wires—which I shall investigate later—the only message which has reached me lately is one from yourself, telling me to remember the exorbitant cable tariff, and to cut my messages short. This I must decline to do. I know that the great heart of England throbs with pride when my messages are read. I will not deprive it of a single throb for mere pecuniary considerations. (And mind you print all this in leaded type, making a fresh paragraph of each sentence!)

Now that my answers to the delayed telegrams of congratulation are prepared, I am again ready for action. Consequently, important news may be looked for shortly.

A successful skirmish took place in the neighbourhood of Krügerdopper yesterday. But, as I have already written to the officer in command, it would have been still more effective had he had the elementary sense to deploy his rear-rank squadron in extended echelon of double line. I shall treat this matter fully in my forthcoming volume.

I dined off canned beef and tinned apricots last night. The third finger of my left hand is slightly blistered from exposure to the sun. Otherwise, considering the dreadful dangers and overwhelming responsibilities which I have had to bear, I am in tolerably good health. It is unfortunately the case, however, that I have lost my stylograph. Please cable on this startling item to the principal New York and Indian papers.

On reviewing the events of the past two months, I feel that I am hardly the person to express the profound admiration for the conduct of the campaign which every true Great Briton and Hibernian feels. It would be affectation to deny that my timely hints to our (so-called) leaders will prove to have been the main factor in bringing the war to a satisfactory conclusion. Many, I am aware, contend that absolutely the whole credit ought to be mine. Whatever my private belief, my conspicuous modesty compels me to disclaim this view in public. On the contrary, I wish to recognise most cordially the unselfish assistance in minor details given me by the army and its commanders. As a rule, they have carried out my suggestions with distinct intelligence.

I must end here to-day. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, I understand, declines to leave his house until my scheme for the future government of this country has been placed in his hands. Not wishing to prolong his anxiety, I will set to work to draft it at once.

Kindly inform the numerous corporations which, as I understand, are preparing Pens of Honour for me, that I shall be willing to accept these tributes on my return home.

A. C. D.

"TELL THAT TO THE MARINES!"

TELL the stout lions of our race,
Lions alike on shore and sea,
We hold them in the pride of place
Of freemen fighting to be free!
Fighting for all that men hold dear,
Their honour Britain's, and their
Queen's.
From land to land, from sea to sea, [three,
The "Joey" Guard with three times
The Empire gives this great, glad cheer.
Tell that to the Marines!

REGULATIONS FOR YEOMANRY OUT-POSTS.

(Aldershot Edition.)

1. NEVER recognise your enemy when you meet him on the road, in case you might be compelled to take him prisoner and so cause unpleasantness and unseemly disturbance.

2. Advanced guards should walk quietly and without ostentation into the enemy's main body, and be careful never to look behind bushes, trees, or buildings for an unobtrusive cyclist patrol. To do so might cause the enemy annoyance.

3. An advance guard, if surrounded, will surrender without noise or alarm. To make any would disturb the main body, who like to march in a compact and regular formation.

4. Never allow your common-sense to overcome your natural modesty so far as to induce you to report to a superior officer the presence of the enemy in force. You will only acquire a reputation for officiousness by doing so.

5. Always attack an enemy in front. It is unsportsmanlike and unprofessional to attack the flanks.

6. When retiring before an attack maintain as close a formation as the ground will admit of, and retire directly upon the main infantry support. You will thus expose yourselves to the fire of both your own friends and the enemy, and as blank cartridge hurts nobody it will add to the excitement of the operation.

7. It is more important to roll your cloaks and burnish your bits than to worry about unimportant details of minor tactics.

8. Since a solitary horseman never attracts the enemy's attention, be careful to take up a position in compact formation; to do so by files might escape observation.

9. When being charged by the enemy, go fours about and gallop for all you are worth; it is just as agreeable to be prodded in the back as in the chest, and gives the enemy more satisfaction. To extend, or work to the flanks, might deprive your enemy of useful experience.

10. Never cast your eyes to the direction from which the enemy is not expected as that is the usual direction of his real attack, and it is not polite to spoil the arrangement of your friend the enemy.

11. Lastly, remember that the best motto for Yeomanry Troopers is "Point de Zèle."



KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

V.—THE NEWSBOY.

"THE newsboy is a nuisance," so
The thoughtless people say.
"He comes along at dusk, you know,
And shrieks our life away."

O scant of wit, O foolish folk!
Repent ye and be wise;
And do not rashly yearn to choke
A blessing in disguise.

Let patience lend her noble help,
For patience is a gem;
The cure if news-purveyors yelp
Is cultivating phlegm.

Who meets the "hextry-speshull" yell
Serene and undismayed
Will never shrink from shot and shell
If England needs his aid.

So you should thankful be and glad,
And discipline your soul,
Since what you think will drive you mad
Is helpful on the whole.

One other detail by the way:
Unbacked by yelping youths,
How could the evening papers, pray,
Disseminate untruths?

Now falsehoods exercise our wit,
And keep us calm and cool;
They make us careful—just a bit,
And cautious—as a rule.

And if productive thus of good,
We must encourage those
Who spread them widely, as they should—
Why treat them as our foes?

But should your tortured nerves require
Peace, peace at any price,
You may accomplish your desire
By taking my advice.

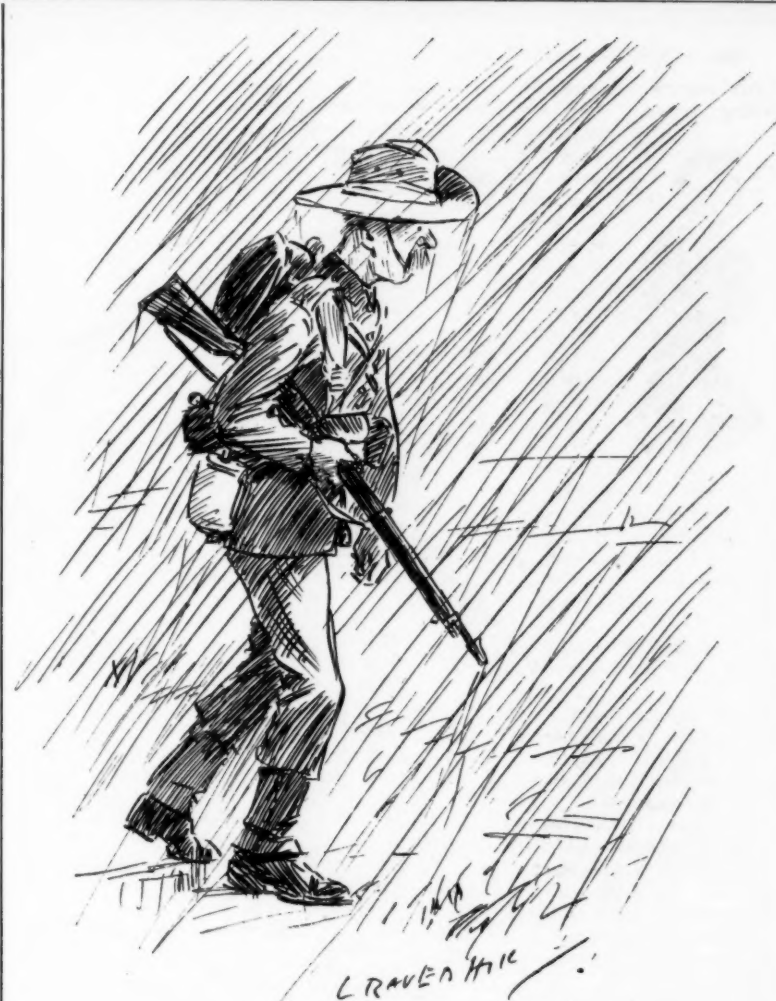
Just catch the newsboy in the streets
(An easy thing, no doubt);
Then fill his mouth with sticky sweets,
And he may cease to shout. F. E.

"EXCEEDING SMALL."

(Questions that would have been asked had
the House been sitting.)

DID WILLIAM SNOOKS, letter-carrier of
Knockmedown, County Down, cut a black-
thorn walking-stick in his back-garden
with the sanction of the Postmaster-
General, before attending an Orange demon-
stration at Taranowns; did he attend
the said Orange demonstration with the
permission of the Postmaster-General;
and was he present at the same demon-
stration with the said blackthorn walk-
ing-stick?

Is the plain gummed paper attached to
sheets of postage-stamps intended as a
substitute for sticking-plaster, and if so,
for what kind of cuts; how much does the
Post Office make a year through its rule
that, in repeating telegrams, any fractions
of a penny less than a half-penny are



VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES.

"WELL, THEY'VE SERVED US OUT WITH SUN-HATS AT LAST; AN' NOW LOOK AT THIS!"

charged as a half-penny; and how many
fractions of a penny in this event are less
than a half-penny?

Where were the buttons and button-
holes in the tunics of the Irish Constabulary
made; are there always the same
number of buttons as button-holes; and
were the button-holes made before the
tunic, or vice versa?

Will steps be taken to revive the Cornish
language, and to instruct an adequate
number of teachers of that form of speech;
and will the hon. Member for Bodmin be
recommended to defend his pro-Boer policy
to his constituents in the original tongue
of their ancestors?

Will Mr. KRUGER's whiskers, which are
understood to have been lately removed
by the Presidential barber, and to be
valued at £100, be secured for the British
nation; and will a telegram, to the effect

that "There's hair," be forwarded to
Major-General BADEN-POWELL?

Will General RUNDLE be advised to put
salt on the tail of DE WET's pony, and thus
induce his rider to remain within the
British cordon?

Are three glow-worms, each of one-third
candle power, as recently carried by a
cyclist at Winchester, a light within the
meaning of the Act? And under such
circumstances need the cyclist alight?

When is a gate not a gate? Is the "open
door" at the present moment a "nasty
jar"? And so on, and so on.

NAME AND SITUATION—THEATRICAL.—
Summer-like—Miss EVIE GREENE. Honey-
moonish—Miss ROSE DEARING. In the
Oyster Season—Madame ADELINA PATTI.
Popular with the "blades"—Miss KATE
CUTLER.



"TIP" NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

The Delamere-Browns, who have been spending their honeymoon trip in France, have just taken their seats on the steamer, agreeably conscious of smart clothes and general well-being, when to them enters breathlessly, Françoise, the "bonne" from the hotel, holding on high a very dirty comb with most of its teeth missing.

Françoise (dashing forward with her sweetest smile). "TIENS! J'ARRIVE JUSTE À POINT! VOILÀ UN PEIGNE QUE MADAME A LAISSÉ DANS SA CHAMBRE!" [Tableau!]

HER TRAGEDY.

A story for Modern Misses.

SHE sat on the sofa with her face set and pale, and her dark eyes dilated. The scented air of the boudoir seemed charged with weariness and disappointment. She murmured to herself occasionally some French idiom, when English would have expressed her meaning just as well. At last she stood up.

"Married for ten months—ten, awful months!" sighed the girl.

"You must take some step," said her friend.

"Yes, LULU, I shall—I mean to; but think of the bitterness I have endured. For ten weary months GEORGE has never given me a moment's uneasiness. Never once has he looked at any other woman. Whenever he has had a holiday, he has always taken me with him. And yet, I

haven't read GEORGE EGERTON, SARAH GRAND, and other novelists, without knowing that every husband is to be mistrusted. I was quite prepared for it. I had schemed out the most splendid epigrams, had thought out most novel and unexpected situations, in which I have excelled all other wives by my treatment. And now," she gave a sob, "he has spoilt it all! Where's the merit of my being amiable and affectionate, when he never gives me reason to be otherwise? It isn't fair of GEORGE not to give a girl a chance. I've been such a good wife, too, and do deserve a little dramatic colouring in my life!"

"Have you ever looked inside his desk?" asked LULU. "Probably his behaviour is merely a blind."

"Do you think so?" said the girl, brightening. "I will look at his desk. I know where his keys are."

The desk was duly opened, and a bundle of papers disclosed themselves.

"Love-letters!" gasped the girl. "Oh, LULU, it's too good to be true. At last, my opportunity! No—too bad; they're my own. He has kept mine. It is simply scandalous. Ah! here's something that looks like bills."

"You've found it at last," said LULU; "depend on it, he's deeply in debt—speculates—gambles."

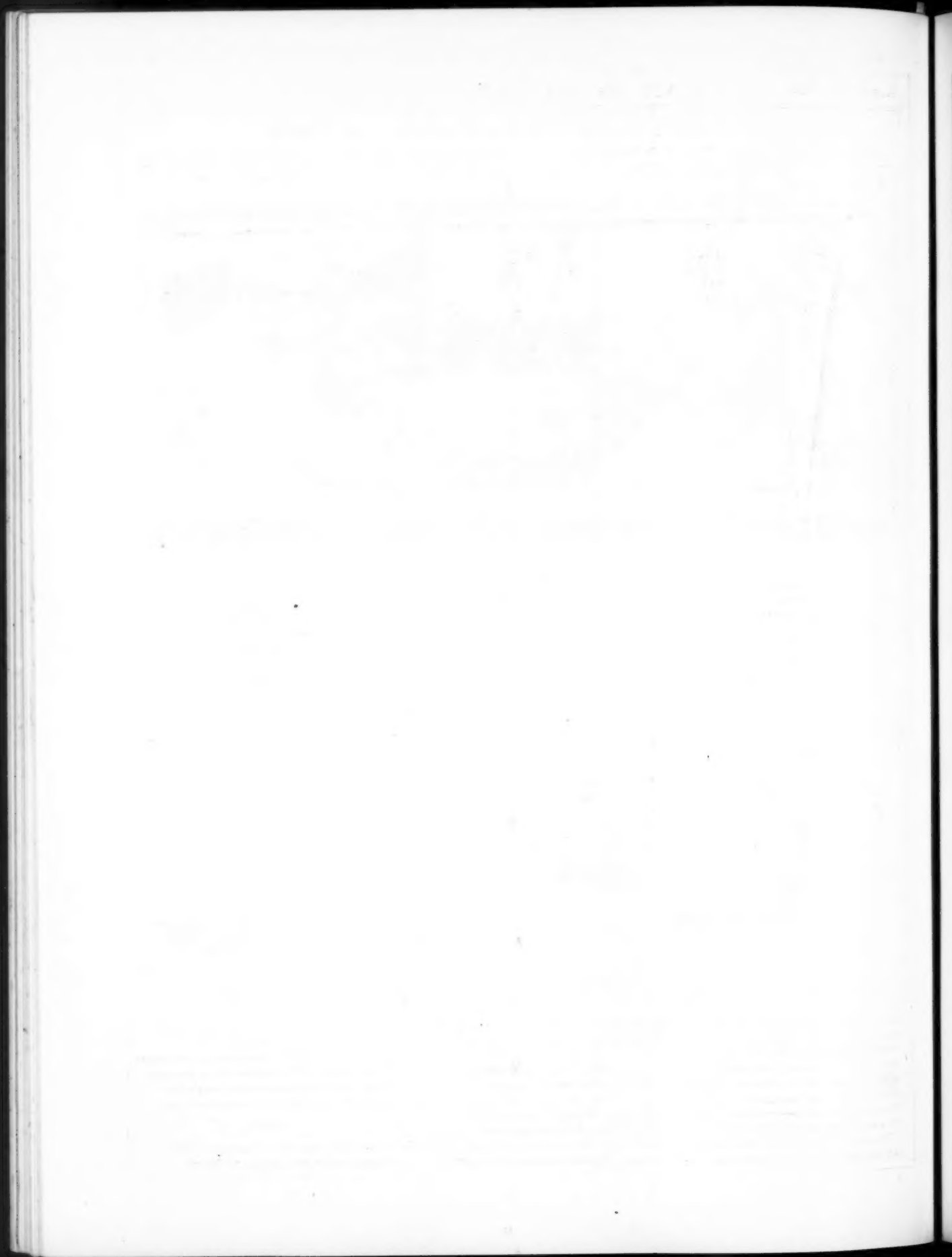
"Well, that's better than nothing," said the girl, a little mollified, as she turned over the pieces of paper. Then she uttered a piercing cry, and fell down in a swoon. LULU glanced hastily at the bills. They were all received.

"The man is infamous," she muttered, indignantly. "If married men won't live up, at any rate in some small measure, to modern fiction, how can they expect neurotic and hysterical women to be happy?"



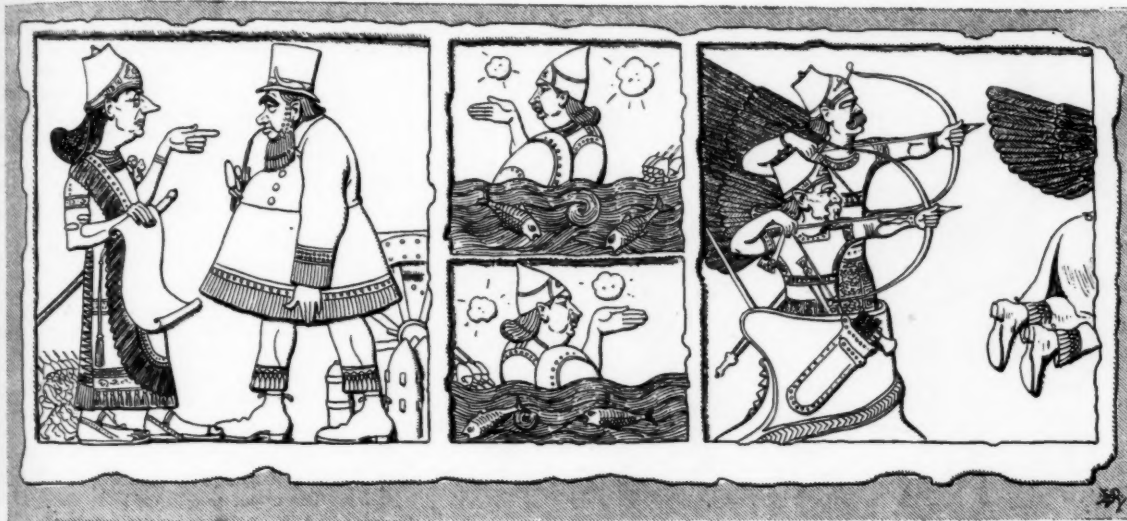
IN THE MOVEMENT.

OUR PAUL (to himself). "SHIFTING HER CAPITAL? MY IDEA!"



THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MIPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.

Professor HILPRECHT, Scientific Director of the American Expedition, has discovered at Nippur, in Babylonia, an entire library containing probably 150,000 tablets of remote antiquity, and of the greatest historical interest. As it must of necessity take time before authorised translations of these can be given to the public, our artist has decided to give them a few samples to begin with. His knowledge of the cuneiform character is not extensive, but he has done his best.



FIRST FRAGMENT.

1. And in the sixty-third year of the reign of ER, on whose country the sun never sets, much trouble arose in the land of Oom.

2. Oompâl, the ancient Ruler,
3. receiver of bakshish,
4. the wearer of strange garments,
5. the teller of (two words missing here),
6. having the upper and lower foreigners in detestation,

7. did secretly assemble great stores of weapons of the latest fashion,
8. in the guise of stringed instruments,
9. and all things needful, in places best known to himself.

10. In the meanwhile he did speak in subtlety,

11. with the Satrap, Alphr-ad-Milnah in the gate,

12. the man of culture, lover of justice, born of the new journalism,

13. and they did sit and nothing came of it.

14. Then did Shuv-menâbar, the secretary of state,

15. whose eye looks through crystal,

16. Lord of the Midlands,
17. dweller in Bür-menam,
18. maker of battles,
19. sweeper away of Opposition,
20. a red rag to his opponents,

21. then did he loose the armies of the Tômis, the thousands of the Khaki-Tuniks, who are as the dust of the desert,

22. who cover the ocean like a cloud.

23. Then the Chiefs of Pêl-Mêl,
24. disregards of forelocks,

25. did send to the ends of the earth for horses and for mules,

26. for corn and for fodder.

27. Then Redvaz-bula, the mighty chief-tain . . . did take ship and Ton-al-

Karri did set him on his way, and

28. great generals without number, and

29. the enemy played ant-sahalli with them for many weeks,

30. and the dwellers in the streets, the readers of the dailis, the wearers of the silk hat, were precious sick.

31. Then did they send the great Jinrâl,
32. the marcher of marches,

33. the maker of records,

34. the Lord of Kandahar, and with him

35. Kitj-en-Ur, the sunburnt,
36. the master of traffic,
37. the Lord of Omdurman,
38. the collector of craniums.
39. And on their heads they did it
40. between them.

41. And Oompâl, sitting by the lions at his gate,

42. felt ill at ease, as the enemy drew near.

43. The Ômanri, and the men of the Sîti were as a last straw.

44. Bit-tûthik,
45. and his consort besought him and counselled him wisely

46. that the sands were running out, and spoke words of discretion.

47. Then they brought forth the gold in bars and all other available and conceivable assets,

48. and much palm-oil,

49. the accumulation of years,

50. and the sun-pictures of Lenâd-Kortni and En-ri Labu-shér, which did hang in his parlor,

51. then did his Honour make tracks like a bird.

A FABLE.

AN archer who, in quest of game,
His shafts at eagles used to aim,
Finding his arrows did not hit
For lack of feathers that were fit,
And hearing such as those he sought
Could at the eagle's nest be bought
Went thither with demeanour bold
To ask if feathers there they sold.
One eagle, then, a youthful bird,
At his demand at first demurred

(His mind was small, his vision narrow),
Seeing the archer's pointed arrow.
But an old eagle with derision
Treated the other's indecision;
Enumerating each objection
Against the fallacy "protection."
Proving, as plainly as could be,
That trade in feathers should be free.
And thus the man's request was granted—
He got the feathers that he wanted.

The upshot was—one day they found
A stricken eagle on the ground;
And that the shaft that pierced his breast
Was winged with feathers from his nest.
Thus was the man's demand supplied,
And thus a staunch Free-trader died.

MORAL.

When your supply of steam-coal fails,
Russia or France, apply to Wales.



IRISH.

SCENE—Cottage in West of Ireland during a rain-storm.

Tourist. "WHY DON'T YOU MEND THOSE BIG HOLES IN THE ROOF?"*Pat.* "WUD YOUR HONOUR HAVE ME GO OUT AN' MEND IT IN ALL THIS RAIN?"*Tourist.* "No. BUT YOU COULD DO IT WHEN IT IS FINE."*Pat.* "SHURE, YOUR HONOUR, THERE'S NO NEED TO DO IT THIN!"

STUDIES IN SMALL ZOOLOGY.

THE HOUSE FLY.

No one has determined the good traits of the House Fly. He appears to be totally devoid of any virtuous instincts. From his birth he is a freebooter of the most irreclaimable character. Nothing is sacred from his onslaughts. He commandeers all eatables with loathsome gluttony, and sooner than permit you to drink in peace he will without more ado drown himself in your glass. It is, indeed, the cruel character of the House Fly which is so repellent to the respectable human biped. He is a NERO in his methods of torture. For instance, in the early morning, possibly after a sleepless night, you are at last beginning to doze. The

House Fly, who has been watching you from his eyrie on the ceiling, swoops down as you are closing your weary eyes and screeches some opprobrious epithets in an unknown tongue in your ear. This he does out of sheer malice.

In the same way and for the same reason he will deliberately use the bald patch on your head for a ball-room or a skating rink, though there are Saharas of space elsewhere, whereon he might disport himself. Should he perceive that your hands are occupied, he takes a diabolical delight in settling on your nose; and in this manner of persecution has driven actors on the stage, nurses with babies in their arms, cornet players and pianists into well-nigh frantic desperation. The evil-minded insect rejoices when opportunity arises of

creeping up the sleeves of coats and the legs of trousers, and of perching on the shoulders of Court ladies even when in the presence of their Sovereign.

A frivolous creature to boot, who will dance endless quadrilles with his fellows or run races up and down the walls and window-panes, instead of earning his living like the industrious bee or the enterprising ant. A ne'er-do-well and a rascalion. No wonder that the lordly eagle will not condescend to devour this thorough-paced little ruffian.

LEX OMNIBUS UNA.

My Lords, if we recall the day
When we were boys at Eton,
We all can recollect the way
That we were flogged and beaten;
And that rough path which then we trod
A striking proof affords
Of this great maxim—spare the rod
And spoil the House of Lords.

Now I, my Lords, would guarantee
The very poorest boy
The selfsame privileges we,
The upper ten, enjoy;
And for the pauper infant I
Would have the policeman do
What's done for duke and marquis by
The young athletic "Blue."

What! shall there be one law for rich,
Another for the poor?
Shall DIVES only taste the switch,
The little epicure,
While LAZARUS gets nothing? No!
Let's flog them all, say I!
My Lords, *ho me dareis anthro-*
-pos ou paideuetai.

MILITARY SURGERY.

DEAR FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH,—In a telegram from the seat of war this week, I find the following obscure passage. "General BLANK held the enemy's main body whilst General DASH carried out his movements." Knowing your skill in tactics, may I ask if you can explain this to me either verbally or pictorially? Used in contradistinction to his main body, I presume the enemy's "movements" must be his limbs, and if all four were carried out by this barbarous General, it would be certainly a feat of arms, and the movement might be said to be al-leg-ro. Nothing is said as to whether the enemy survived this fearful operation depriving him of his members, but it may be a case of a truncated despatch. Then, where were the movements carried out to? If the presumption stated above be correct, I infer it must have been to the region of limbo, but the army in Flanders never practised such lopsided manoeuvres.

Yours respectfully,
CORPORAL TRIM.

"WHERE TO GO."

NO. VII.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Having sent a telegram to my wife, informing her of the fact that I had missed the last train from Scagnass, I went in pursuit of an old-fashioned hotel to stay the night, and having been successful I partook of a light meal and proceeded to explore the town. It consisted mainly of a row of shops; several announced (on large cards in the window) that tea and cake was obtainable for sixpence ahead, and the other shops contained fancy articles, such as boxes made of shells and china mugs with gold lettering to remind you of your visit to Scagnass. As if anyone would wish to be reminded of it. I strolled to the pier, where a notice was put up to the effect that a "confetti" concert was being held. I had heard of a "sacred" concert," but a "confetti" concert was new to me. I paid my sixpence, and passed through the turnstile. The pier was crowded to excess. A Corporation band was playing, evidently against each other. They were certainly playing in different time and very indifferent tune. The people were roaring with laughter and shouting, yet in all this mob I was feeling very lonely, and the thought that I had already spent most of the money we had saved for my holiday made me feel very miserable.

While thus brooding over my troubles, three young girls with short dresses and white yachting caps came close to me, and one of them thrust a bag full of bits of coloured paper in my face, and shouted in my ear "You ain't a-laughing." They certainly made up for my lack of merriment. When they had passed I observed I was literally covered with little bits of paper resembling wafers, about the size of the puncture of a bus ticket. I turned round to expostulate, when another roistering party sent a volley of the obnoxious stuff down my throat, nearly choking me. Half blinded, I made my way off the pier as rapidly as I could, and took refuge in the smoking-room of the "Admiral Rodney" hotel. A genial commercial traveller explained to me that the confetti concert was the modern kind of seaside amusement. We had a glass or two of whiskey together, and I retired to bed; but not to sleep. If I was worried on the pier, I was more worried in the night, and several times wished I was staying at one of the modern hotels; for, with all their faults, they are scrupulously clean.

The guide-book informs one that the "Rodney," then called the "Flask," was the last hotel in which this famous admiral slept previous to his departure for the Baltic." I only hope that the battles he had at sea weren't worse than the fight he must have had on land, for if his last night

on shore was anything like what I endured, it was pretty active, and no enemy could have attacked him more persistently than the army with which I had to cope. Whether it was owing to the want of sleep, or the want of whisky the previous night, I observed, wherever I looked, little black specks and small threads, like spiders' webs, rising and falling in front of my eyes, which, however, I am glad to say, soon disappeared after I had proceeded a few miles on my bicycle.

The first place I made for was Grange Farm, the owner of which advertised in the railway book that apartments could be obtained in "a delightful old farmhouse, with every home comfort, with fine wooded scenery, close to the sea, and magnificent trout fishing." After turning down many wrong roads and private turnings, I at last arrived at Grange



[“Dr. MIGUEL has discovered that germs live to an advanced age.”—*Weekly Paper.*]

A COUPLE OF “OLD ‘UNS,” SEEN THROUGH MR. PUNCH’S MICROSCOPE.

Farm. It was certainly five or six miles from the sea, and the rooms were very dark, but the promise of fine trout fishing compensated for a little discomfort and possible inconvenience.

In answer to my inquiry as to whether the trout river ran through the grounds, or whether it was some little distance, you may imagine the disappointment I felt on receiving the following answer from the landlady: “That the trout fishing, which was reckoned the best in the county, was at Scroblesby Hall, and was strictly private; but her husband, who was a friend of one of the keepers, might be able to get a day’s fishing when the family were away.”

I looked over another farm-house near the sea; but the chief bed-room had the disadvantage of having the windows on the floor, so that to get the light whilst shaving I should have to lie down on the ground. The room was horribly dark, and

the thought that I might be taken ill there, and the village doctor ordering me to keep to my room for a month, made me eager to mount my bicycle, which I did, and was soon in the train, saying goodbye for ever to Scagnass; and the only news I had for my wife was, that our little holiday fund was pretty nearly exhausted and the farm-house excursion was a dismal failure.

My wife having taken my coat to shake the dust from it, to my disgust, as well as as her’s, the carpet was suddenly strewn with “confetti,” which came from every pocket and fold of my coat; and in a contemptuous and somewhat suspicious manner she said, “Is this how you’ve been looking for Farm-House Apartments?”

Yours, etc.,

“STILL ON THE LOOK-OUT.”

REFLECTIONS.

(Echoed from the Front.)

WHEN, with my military art,
To trap the wily Boers I start,
Why do they suddenly depart?

I wonder.

When cavalry I send to scout
And tell me what the foe’s about,
Why can they never find it out?

I wonder.

When after-dinner actions I
Devise for capturing them, why
Will they not wait for me to try?

I wonder.

When BOBS’s barque is seen to scud
Before the wind on Fortune’s flood,
Why is mine sticking in the mud?

I wonder.

ON ARTIFICIAL THIRST.

(Report of a Lecture that was never delivered.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—My object this afternoon is to teach you in a short time that all sorts of spirituous liquours are distinctly dangerous. I have gone to the classics for a precedent. No doubt you will remember that the Helots were engaged to show, by their drunkenness, the horrors of drink to the younger branches of their masters’ families. I will now take a small glass of whiskey. And I may say that I do this not because I am thirsty. No, my thirst is artificial. I drink the whiskey.

You see the ‘mediate ‘fect. ‘Clination to cut syllable, but thoughts fairly steady. Will now try a taste of brandy. Good brandy. After whiskey and brandy things get rather mixed. Not able to walk straight. Try rum. Six feet of rum. Ha, ha, ha! Very com’cal! Doosid fun-fun-funny!

Thank, ladies and gemmen. Much obliged for ‘tention! Very ‘teegued! Going home to be-bed. Not going to take off my boots.

[End of the lecture.]



NEXT morning, at breakfast, I suggested getting under way. Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN sighed, and said she supposed it couldn't be helped. Thought this hardly cheerful way of commencing cruise. BAA LAMB also sighed, and supposed it was inevitable. Dismal people, these. Both ladies seem to think that yachting consists in lying at anchor in Southampton Water. Admiral observed that he would go on deck, and give Skipper a wrinkle or two upon the hoisting of the mainsail. Would sooner have fired a powder magazine myself, and trembled at thought of the explosion that was sure to follow. GOBBLEDOWN volunteered to "give 'em a pull on the halliards." Wished he wouldn't, but didn't like to say anything. Proceeded on deck, and consulted with Skipper; we agreed to run down to the Needles, and then return and anchor off Ryde for the night. Met Agrippa, who had annexed the bacon intended for our breakfast an hour or so beforehand. The dog was up in the bows, endeavouring to make the only restitution possible under the circumstances. Directed Steward's attention to him, and went below. GOBBLEDOWN in saloon, in act of opening bottle of Bass, though he had hardly finished eating his breakfast. He invited me to share it with him—very hospitable sort of man GOBBLEDOWN, after all. True, it's my Bass, but still—Am sure he means well. On my return to the deck, find Admiral and Skipper in hot controversy as to whether mainsail should be "ridden down" or hoisted in ordinary way. Endeavour to pacify them. Skipper touches his cap sulkily, and goes forward, muttering that "these naval gents thinks they knows everything," whilst ROUSTABOUT turns reproachful glance on me and says that it surprises him how any sensible

man can employ such a dunder-headed idiot for a skipper. So pleasant, all this. Offer him a cigar, which keeps him quiet for a little. Then GOBBLEDOWN, full of bottled beer and maritime ardour, appears on deck, closely followed by BUSKIN. GOBBLEDOWN jumps about, treads on Agrippa, who had not up to that period quite completed his disembarking operations, lets go a rope in an unexpected quarter, and brings down foresail upon the Skipper's head with tremendous violence. Skipper looks unutterable things at him. Anchorgot in at last, and mainsail hoisted. GOBBLEDOWN rushes to helm, and puts it hard over. Skipper yells frantically to him to "let her come!" Too late; and we graze a schooner lying close to us, grinding half the paint off her quarter as we slip by. Greatest good fortune that we did not sink her at her moorings.

Admiral shrieked out, "Whathedevilareyouat! Why, you son of a sea-cook, you ugly swab of a—"

Rest lost upon GOBBLEDOWN, who hurriedly resigned helm and retreated below. We were under way at last, and swishing along towards Netley. Thought I would go down and fetch the ladies up on deck. Knocked softly at door of ladies' cabin.

"I wish you'd take this absurd indiarubber bath out of the cabin, Steward," came a tart voice from within. "It's always in the way, and I think your master must have been mad to have ever had such a ridiculous thing here. Twice this morning I rolled out of it whilst trying to bathe."

I retreated softly, and sent the Steward aft.

Just as we emerged from Southampton Water and dipped into the wavelets of the Solent, both ladies came on deck. I got them comfortable wicker chairs, and ten minutes later we went about. "Lee, oh!" called the Skipper, and the boom coming inboard rather suddenly knocked poor BUSKIN flat on his face. He scrambled on to his legs again, and tried to look as if he liked it.

The Admiral, standing with feet spread wide apart and hands in pockets, stared up at topsail and then at me.

"She's precious slow in stays," he grunted, in a dissatisfied tone.

"Of corset's slow in stays!" said BUSKIN, thinking to score a joke with this time-honoured "chestnut."

Nobody laughed, whilst Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN and BAA LAMB looked severely, almost menacingly, at the jester. Gloomy silence ensued. Began to wish I hadn't asked BUSKIN. He seemed to think he had been specially invited for the purpose of saying something funny, and that knowledge appeared to be oppressing him. All the morning he tried to justify his reputation as a humourist; but his great effort, i.e. inducing the unsuspecting Admiral to sit down upon *Agrippa*, was not an unqualified success. He relapsed into a gentle melancholy until luncheon time, and then, under the influence of bottled beer, sherry, and a couple of glasses of port, he exclaimed jovially, as he helped BAA LAMB to mint sauce, "Mary had a little lamb!" and was again met by severe frowns from the person addressed and her Aunt. After this, he devoted himself assiduously to the good things of the table and spoke no more.

We sailed eastwards until about abreast of Bembridge; then turned and ran down to Cowes, and thence crossed to Southampton Water again. Enjoyed the trip whenever I could manage to steer clear of Admiral's dissatisfaction, BUSKIN's jokes, BAA LAMB's mute, reproachful eyes and GOBBLEDOWN's blatant voice. But for these drawbacks, really quite a nice day.

As soon as we let go our anchor, I sent gig ashore for letters. Found they had been sent on to Swanage—most vexing, this.

Beyond an approach to a row between GOBBLEDOWN and the Admiral at dinner, all passed off smoothly that evening.

At 7.30 next morning I went overboard, as usual, and was greatly enjoying my swim when a "stage whisper" from BUSKIN—who, unable to swim himself, lounged over the bulwarks, smoking a cigarette—warned me that trouble was brewing. Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN, after a sleepless night, had dressed early and come up on deck. Most embarrassing situation for me. Vowed I would never again have women on the yacht. Mrs. G. settled herself down in deck-chair to read book. I continued, perforce, in water. Signed to BUSKIN to get her away. BUSKIN signed that such a thing was impossible. I signed back that BUSKIN was a d—ecidedly stupid ass. How long this would have continued, and whether I should have ended my days in a watery grave or not, I cannot say, but at last Mrs. G., looking up from her book, suddenly realised position of affairs. She jumped up, and saying in audible tones "Perfectly disgraceful!" betook herself, in high dudgeon, to her own cabin again. Then I emerged, blue and shivering, and hurriedly rushed down companion to my berth and the comforts of a rough towel.

Breakfasted alone, as nerves not sufficiently braced to encounter Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN. Am sure she told BAA LAMB all about it, too. We got under way, and ran down the West Channel for Swanage. Outside the Needles rather a choppy sea running. BUSKIN was extra facetious up to this point, and had so far succeeded in his efforts to amuse that I had distinctly smiled twice, whilst even the Admiral condescended to say that he thought him—BUSKIN—the greatest fool he ever saw. This was praise indeed from such a source. Encouraged by this, BUSKIN was just about to attempt a practical joke on

GOBBLEDOWN when he seemed to change his mind—as he certainly did his colour—and ceased his flow of conversation. *Isolde* careened over beautifully as the breeze freshened, and then went right into a big sea with a "smack" which shook us from stem to stern. When I turned round to shake the water out of my shirt collar—I felt rather like a rain-water pipe—BUSKIN had disappeared. In horror I rushed for a lifebuoy, but the Admiral arrested me with the words, jerked out in one unpunctuated grunt:

"Sillifoolsickangoneb'low."

We saw nothing of the ladies (for which, in view of the bathing episode, I was not sorry) nor of BUSKIN, until six o'clock that evening, ten minutes after anchoring in the comparatively smooth water of Swanage Bay. Then, at intervals, appeared three more or less seagreen faces, up the companion. BUSKIN was the first to recover his spirits, and after a turn or two on deck, unblushingly said that he had enjoyed the sail immensely. Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN, more frank, insisted upon my sending her and BAA LAMB ashore at once, saying that she had "never been so treated in her life before." As if I, personally, had been responsible for the choppiness of the sea. Ordered gig, and took them both off without delay. GOBBLEDOWN only laughed and said he shouldn't go ashore, thus deftly letting me in for engaging rooms for the night on behalf of his wife and niece at the hotel.

Walked up to hotel, two of the hands following with dress baskets and other trifles. All rooms engaged. Chartered cab and drove round to other hotel on far side of bay. Secured rooms here, after much parleying. Meantime my men had gone back to yacht, under impression that I also was staying the night ashore. Most annoying this, as when I returned to pier no boat was available to take me off. Walked to end of pier, and then saw, to my intense disgust, *Isolde* making her way out of the bay and turning down for the west. Wind had come on to blow harder, and being now dead on shore doubtless Skipper thought he was not safe lying there. Very right and praiseworthy, and all that, but d—eucedly annoying at same time. As I knew he would make for Portland, I went into hotel, ordered whisky and soda and consulted time-table. Found that by leaving Swanage in half-an-hour I could get to Portland some time before midnight. Not encouraging, but no alternative. Called for letters at Post Office, and found they had been sent to Ryde.

Arrived Portland 11.45 p.m. No chance of getting off to yacht, and had to knock up people at small inn to obtain bed for night. As I had no luggage, was evidently regarded with certain amount of suspicion. No brushes, no sponge, no sleeping garments, no anything at all. Turned in, feeling thoroughly miserable.

Up at six next morning. Determined to go down to shore and see if *Isolde* had come in. Met landlord on stairs, who said that as I hadn't any luggage he'd be danged if he let me leave the house without paying my bill. Wish looks could have withered this man, but he was apparently unwitherable. Paid, in silent disgust, and left.

Highly delighted to see *Isolde* at anchor behind breakwater. Bawled "*Isolde*, ahoy!" until my throat ached. Then, at last, they heard me and sent boat ashore. So pleased to get on board again that I forgot my past sorrows. GOBBLEDOWN—who is

secretly afraid of his wife—insisted that we should return to Swanage to fetch the ladies, and although most anxious to get away west I had to consent. Wind blowing half a gale.

"We're going to have a bit of a dusting getting up to Swanage, 'specially through the Race," says the Skipper, somewhat lugubriously. "Foul wind all the way, too."

"Bah!" grunts the Admiral, "call this anything but a capful of wind! Why, when I commanded the old *Ariadne*—"

"Old 'Arry *who*?" asks BUSKIN facetiously, and the Admiral, with a snarl, turns on his heel and goes below.

Well, the Skipper was right. We *did* have a "bit of a dusting," as he put it. I thought the little ship would roll the masts out of her! Harder and harder it blew. Whilst I was in my berth for a minute or two, she gave one great roll which brought down a perfect shower of tooth-brushes, hair-brushes nail-brushes and clothes brushes about my ears, whilst boots, scissors, combs, and articles of clothing flew all over the cabin. Another roll, quickly followed by a pitch right into it, in which we were fairly "nose under," produced direful sounds from saloon and galley, telling of widespread ruin to the crockery around. Groans from BUSKIN'S berth mingled freely with the shrieking of the wind through our rigging. Luckily we had our topmast housed, three reefs in the mainsail, and only a storm-jib set.

At one o'clock I went below to see what the Steward could do for us in the way of luncheon (cooking, with such a sea running, being out of the question). Found GOBBLEDOWN seated on floor of saloon, tenderly embracing large bottle of Bass, and making frantic efforts to regain possession of corkscrew, which had, for the moment, eluded him, and slid along the sharply sloping plane whereon he sat. Admiral and I slipped and climbed alternately to sofa by swing-table. GOBBLEDOWN took chair opposite, and Steward, by almost miraculous balancing feat, just avoided standing on his head whilst placing salad, captain's biscuits, jam, and tin of sardines before us. Dismal sounds from BUSKIN'S berth fully explained that no-longer-mercurial gentleman's absence. Admiral held out tumbler to GOBBLEDOWN, who was "engineering" the bottle of claret, and in endeavouring to fill glass GOBBLEDOWN lost his footing and shot the claret full into gallant officer's face. In order to save himself from falling, GOBBLEDOWN dropped the bottle and grabbed hold of the swing-table. No yachtsman requires to be told what happened then—away went everything in one wild, awful stampede. The next moment, the Steward had rushed to the rescue, and the sight that met his eyes was a startling one.

The Admiral, speechless, and gasping for breath, had dropped back on the sofa, dripping claret from all over his head and face, whilst the whole of the sardines and about half the oil pertaining to them had been shot into his lap. GOBBLEDOWN, on the other side of what, a minute before, had been a table, but which was now only an inverted shelf, was sitting in the

salad, and rubbing his head with a captain's biscuit. I was endeavouring to rid myself of the generous allowance of jam then plastering the front of my waistcoat. And all three were vigorously shouting for the Steward to render us aid.

An hour later, after I had changed and gone on deck, the Skipper staggered up to me and shouted in my ear—for the noise of the gale drowned every other sound—"No good goin' on, Sir; better give it up, and run back while we can." Last words ominous, and gave me pause. Felt rather alarmed. "Better up helm and run back, I say," he added grimly. I assented immediately.

Two hours later, we had once more passed behind Portland Breakwater and were safe. That night our dinner was of a very sketchy description. Nearly every bit of crockery on board had been smashed. Tinned soup was served out of two teacups. I waited whilst the Admiral used his cup; the Steward then took it away, washed it and brought it in again for me. We were one plate short for the meat, and everybody was in a thorough bad humour.

Next morning I arose, my mind big with a bold resolve. After a hurried and secret consultation with the Skipper, I said to my guests at breakfast time:

"I am so sorry that our cruise must end here. You see, we got a bit damaged in yesterday's storm and shall have to stay where we are and refit. Later on in the season, perhaps I may see you all here again—or I may not," I added quietly, to myself.

The Admiral—so frank of him!—at once said that he was not sorry; he felt no confidence sailing with such a fool as my Skipper. BUSKIN, after his second bout of sea-sickness, solemnly swore that nothing should ever tempt him to leave *terra cotta* (BUSKIN'S "Jokese" for *terra firma* this) again. GOBBLEDOWN alone swore that he would not desert me; but I caused the Steward, a little later on, to drop him a hint that the supply of champagne had run out, and that proved quite effective. He left with the rest.

It will be some time before that party again assembles on board *Isolde*.

Fox Russell